



JAMES BACON.

Drawn from the Life, and Engraved by Rothwell.

Published by Harrison & Co. Oct. 1795.



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THE
AMERICAN INDIAN;

OR,

VIRTUES OF NATURE.

A PLAY.

IN THREE ACTS.

WITH

NOTES.

FOUNDED ON AN INDIAN TALE.

=

BY JAMES BACON. *K*

FIERCE WARS, AND FAITHFUL LOVES, SHALL MORALIZE MY SONG.
SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

LONDON:

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THE
AMERICAN INDIAN

OR
VIRTUES OF NATURE



PREFACE.

THE Poem on which the following Play is founded, is entitled, *Ouâbi*; or, *The Virtues of Nature*. An Indian Tale. In Four Cantos. By PHILENIA*. The fable of which appears, from the Introduction, to have been taken from a prose story in Mr. Carey's entertaining and instructing Museum; and which, in the Monthly Review for September 1793, is thus given—

“ The characters of this poem in praise of the Virtues of Nature, are Ouâbi, an Illinois chief; Azâkia, his wife; Celario, an European wanderer†; and Zisma, a female friend of Azâkia. The story is as follows:—Celario, rambling in hopeless exile on the borders of the Mississippi, is alarmed by a piercing shriek; and espies a beauteous captive on her knees, imploring life of a tall Huron, whose arm is uplifted to destroy her. He immediately fires at and kills the Huron, thus delivering the captive

* Mrs. MORTON, a Lady of Boston, in New England.

† Who, having slain a young man in a quarrel, was forced to quit his native land.

Azâkia. She having never, till now, seen an European, nor heard the report of a pistol, addresses her deliverer as a god: he, in return for her deliverance, asks the reward of love—is refused; but allows Azâkia to conduct him to her home, where he is introduced to her husband Ouâbi, who promises to cherish and defend him as a brother. Celario follows Ouâbi to the war; and, on being wounded in battle, is carried back to the hospitable residence of the chief, and submitted to the care of the beautiful Azâkia.

“ A mutual passion is enkindled. Celario attempts to persuade Azâkia to be faithless to her husband; but she, without disguising her love for the European, nobly rejects his base proposal. Abashed, and overwhelmed by the purity of savage virtue, Celario forms a resolution of quitting his asylum; but, Ouâbi returning, employs himself, at the solicitation of his faithful Azâkia, to soothe the anguish of his mind, and to divert him from his intention. Having secured to his wife the society of Celario, Ouâbi again goes out to battle, and is wounded and taken prisoner by the Hurons. Tidings being brought of this disastrous event by a bleeding fugitive, Celario hastens to revenge the supposed death of the chief. Accompanied by a band of valiant Illinois, he attacks and defeats the enemy; and discovers

covers Ouâbi surrounded by the Hurons, who were employed in torturing him; while he, defying his tormentors, was singing the Death Song. Celario delivers his dusky friend, dresses his wounds, and conducts him to his dwelling, and to his Azâkia. Ouâbi, overwhelmed with admiration at the valour of Celario, and penetrated with gratitude for the deliverance which both his wife and himself had experienced at his hands, gratifies the passion which he knew Celario had conceived for Azâkia by resigning her to him; while he himself weds the youthful Zifina. Scarcely, however, were the nuptial rites solemnized, than the generous and noble Ouâbi expires; anticipating the enjoyment of realms in which godlike valour will be rewarded; and appointing Celario to sustain his place among the Illinois."

Such are the incidents which compose this interesting tale. The only alteration I have made in the story, is that of leaving Ouâbi in the arms of his youthful bride, rather than consign him to the cold embraces of the ghastly tyrant; which, as it offers no violence to the moral tendency of the work, will not, I trust, be deemed a deviation of much materiality.

The nature of my avocation affording me many leisure hours, I adopted the hint thrown out by the professed judges of literature, that the tale might afford a subject for the stage; and, from the descrip-

tion recorded by them—for I sought in vain for the publication—had nearly compleated the second act, when the politeness of the Editor of the Monthly Review, to whom I had applied for information where I might meet with the poem, furnished me with a sight of the only copy which, it is believed, ever made it's way into England.

After having compleated my piece, I presented it to the acting manager of Drury Lane Theatre, who had engaged to lay it before the proprietors of that house. The opinion formed by them upon it was, “that it could not be produced with advantage to the theatre;” and, lest it should be thought my reason for publishing it is to combat that opinion, I declare that I am not actuated by any such motive. The idea that the description of the manners and customs of a people so far remote from this country, and so little known to the world in general, as those represented in the present drama, would be acceptable to many lovers of polite literature, is the principal reason of my printing what I candidly acknowledge I once thought might have formed an interesting dramattick performance: let me add, with equal candour, that I do not *myself* now think it written with sufficient knowledge of the *jeu de theatre*, to have succeeded on the stage without considerable alterations.

Impressed

Impressed with an idea, that the virtues ascribed to a people living in a rude uncultivated state of nature, may possibly be treated by many as chimerical, I am induced to make the following extract from Mrs. MORTON's Introduction to her elegant Poem; which, I trust, will remove from the candid mind every such unfavourable suspicion—

“ It may, perhaps,” says the fair author, “ be objected that I have given my favourite Ouâbi a degree of insensibility, with respect to the love of Celario, incompatible with the greatness and superiority of his character. To this I reply, that the mind, unpracticed in deception, can never be capable of suspicion; and that, not having known the European vices, he could have no idea of their existence. —

“ It may also be imagined that, considering the exalted virtue and resolution of Azâkia, which could lead her even to death for the man to whom she was contracted; her ready compliance with the proposition of Ouâbi, and the joy she evinces on that occasion, form an unpardonable contradiction: but it must be remembered, that from the customs and laws of every country it's manners and morals are derived. Azâkia, bound to her husband by every tie, would not deceive him: but, when he expressed a wish to resign her, she could have no idea of his insincerity;

insincerity; so much is *truth* the characteristick of a state of nature! It then became a duty, a *virtue*, to pursue the first wish of her heart.

“ I am aware it may be considered improbable, that an amiable and polished European should attach himself to the persons and manners of an uncivilized people; but there is now a living instance of the like propensity. A gentleman of fortune, born in America, and educated in all the refinements and luxuries of Great Britain, has lately attached himself to a female savage, in whom he finds every charm I have given my Azâkia; and, in consequence of his inclination, has relinquished his own country and connections, incorporated himself into the society, and adopted the manners of the virtuous, though uncultivated, Indian.

“ Should any be induced to think that I have given too many perfections to a rude uncultivated savage, let them read the following Apostrophe of M. MERCIER, a celebrated French author—“ I glanced my eye rapidly over the scene; and in a vast country, hitherto to us unknown, I saw a naked Indian, having nothing but God and nature above him, enjoying the benefits which offer, without analysing them. His body was supple and robust; his eye lively and piercing; his ear attentive; in his deportment a certain air of haughtiness, of which we
have

have no kind of idea in our degenerate clime. He seems even more graceful and majestic when beside his female companion; his eye is milder, his countenance more serene."

"But the authority," continues the fair author, "by which I have been influenced, and from which I feel myself justified, is WILLIAM PENN, founder of Pennsylvania, whose manners and principles could not admit of exaggeration, or extravagancy of expression. In his Letters to his Friends in England, he describes the North American Indians in the following terms—"For their persons, they are generally tall, straight, well built, and of singular proportion; they tread strong and clever, and mostly walk with a lofty chin: the thick lip and flat nose, so frequent with the East Indians and blacks, are not common with them; for I have seen as comely European-like faces among them, of both sexes, as on your side the sea. And, truly, an Italian complexion hath not much more of the white; and the noses of several have as much of the Roman. They are great concealers of their own resentment, but in liberality they excel; nothing is too good for their friend. Their government is by kings; every king has his council, and that consists of all the old and wise men of his nation: nothing of moment is undertaken without advising with them; and, what is more, with the

the young men too. It is admirable to consider how powerful their kings are; and yet how they move by breath of the people. I have had occasion to be in council with them: while any one spoke, not a man of them was observed to whisper or smile; the old grave, the young reverent, in their deportment. They speak little, but fervently, and with elegance: I have never seen more natural sagacity, considering them without the help—I was going to say the spoil—of tradition.”

If I mistake not, pieces of this kind are more generally announced, than analysed, by the judges of literary productions; notwithstanding which, I cannot divest myself of those apprehensions to which the dread of their censure has given birth. But, with these, whatever may be my fate, their animadversions, rather than be shrunk from as a punishment, will be embraced as a reward; since they may tend to the improvement of a mind open to conviction, and willing to receive instruction from those who, from nature and education, are most qualified to give it. For, with Belcour, the West Indian, I can truly say—“ If I knew that man on earth who thought more humbly of me than I do of myself, I would take up his opinion, and forego my own.”

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DEDICATION.

TO THE MOST NOBLE

ANNE,

MARCHIONESS TOWNSHEND.

MADAM,

THE satisfaction which I feel in being permitted to lay this juvenile effort at your feet, can only be equalled by the pleasure I derive from your approbation of the work.

If the virtues of a people, living in a rude, uncultivated state of nature, merit the protection of those of most polish, I am persuaded that they can no where find a more amiable patron than your

a 2

Ladyship;

DEDICATION.

Ladyship; and that, whatever difference of opinion may arise in the minds of those who shall peruse the following sheets, as to the merits of the AUTHOR, there can be none in respect to his choice of patronage.

I have the honour to be,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's most obedient

And much obliged

Humble Servant;

LINCOLN'S INN,
October 12, 1795.

JAMES BACON.

✎ IN the construction of the following Drama, I have endeavoured to preserve, as much as I was able, the elegant simplicity by which the Poem on which it is founded is so eminently distinguished; and have invariably adopted the sentiments of the fair Author. The Death Song, which has been justly admired for the excellency of it's composition, is the production of Mrs. MORTON, and literally copied from the VIRTUES of NATURE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ouâbi - - - *an Illinôis Chief.*

Celario - - - *an European Wanderer.*

Azâkia - - - *Wife to Ouâbi.*

Zifma, }
AND } - - *Friends of Azâkia.*
Izênia, }

Illinois Chiefs, Warriors, Female Attendants, &c.

Huron Chiefs, Warriors, &c.

*Scene—America, chiefly in the Country of the Illinois;
but the Third Scene of the last Act shifts to that of
the Huron.*

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THE
AMERICAN INDIAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

*Scene a picturesque view on the borders of the Mississippi (A.)—
A party of the Illinois are driven across the stage by the
Hurons; after which Azâkia enters, pursued by a Huron,
who seizes her arm, and raises his hatchet to destroy her.*

Azâkia. AH! spare me! spare me! and, though my
countrymen may have done thee wrong, revenge not thyself
on a woman.

Huron. Is not the great Ouâbi, whose fierce relentless
arm so oft has dealt destruction on the Huron race, thy cruel
husband; and canst thou sue for mercy? Know, that I
have sworn eternal hatred to all who bear the name of
Illinois!

Azâkia. And wouldst thou disgrace a warrior's arm, by
basely shedding the blood of weak, defenceless woman?—
Go! seek the hostile field, where Illinois's sons impatiently
wait the charge of battle: there single out some chief worthy
thy sword; at him point all thy rage; with him contend for
glory; nor stain the name of soldier by a woman's death.

Huron. In vain you seek to elude my just revenge! Not
all your beauty, sighs, or tears, shall divert the purpose of my
soul.

A

soul. Words cannot speak my hate: this dagger can alone express it! [*Offers to stab her: she catches hold of his arm, and prevents the blow.*]

Azâkia. Yet stay, inhuman monster! hold thy murdering hand! Think, unfeeling Huron, if thou hast a wife, what pangs would rend thy breast, shouldst thou, when returning night gave respite to the battle's furious rage, and bade thee seek thy peaceful cot, behold a mangled corpse the partner of thy life! Trace, with Conception's glowing eye, a scene like this; then think on Ouâbi's sorrows, and spare his guiltless wife! [*While Azâkia is speaking, Celario enters from a wood.*]

Huron. Thy artful tongue, and still more persuasive looks, beauteous syren, if I delay the meditated stroke, may melt my savage nature into pity; urge me to betray my country's cause; and make me, indeed, a monster! Thy death alone can satisfy the hate I bear thy race.

Celario. Say'st thou so, inhuman savage! Then, Justice, nerve my arm, and seal her safety in thy fall. [*Celario fires a pistol at the Huron, who falls. Azâkia stands transfixed with astonishment. After a long pause, she addresses her deliverer.*]

Azâkia. Can this be real, or is it the mockery of fancy that thus abuses my senses, and gives to my astonished view the shadowy form of truth? Say, what art thou—of more than human form, of more than human beauty—that charms my wondering sight? Art thou not some god! for what less than Omnipotence could dart the vivid lightning's blaze! what less the dreadful thunderbolt could hurl, (B.) and snatch the trembling captive from impending ruin? Thus let me kneel, and adoration pay——

Celario. Rise, beauteous maid; from you I merit not this homage: he who has betrayed you to this humble posture, is like yourself, and but of mortal race.

Azâkia. Mortal! Art thou not more than human? Thy looks bespeak divinity, and my wondering mind depicted thee some god! From whence, say, gentle stranger, didst thou come? Why thus wondrous fair! Why that god-like presence! Why wert thou formed with such transcendent brightness,

brightness, so far superior to our sable race? O! say, what happy country gave thee birth?

Celario. England, dear maid, is the place of my nativity. From thence expelled by adverse fortune, I rove a hopeless wanderer, and court my safety in a foreign clime.

Azâkia. And hast thou tasted of the bitter cup of wretchedness? Oh! tell me all thy sorrows. Azâkia's grateful bosom shall compassionate thy sufferings, and all her care shall be to soothe thy griefs. To thee I owe my life: thy generous aid saved me from the Huron's rage, and at my feet a lifeless corpse the cruel savage struck. Oh! I will treasure in my mind the noble deed; and each succeeding day, each rising hour, pour out the grateful transports of my heart.

Celario. Enchanting sweetness! If meek-eyed pity in thy bosom dwell—if thou canst feel compassion for another's woe—in thy society my sorrows yet may find the wished relief: a softer passion will supplant my griefs, and all my care rest but in love of thee. Know, lovely creature, that in mortal combat I slew my foe; for which offence my country's laws inflict the punishment of death. From their effect I fled; and, quitting England's happy shores, reluctantly bent my course to seek some refuge in an unknown land, and mourn the deed my rash, impetuous temper, urged me to commit.

Azâkia. Thy safety, then, be Azâkia's care. Gladly I will lead thee to a lone retreat, and watch thy safety. Thy every want I will supply, and tend thee with a parent's care.

Celario. And wilt thou, lovely maid, to compleat my bliss, grant me thy love? Possessed of that, I might defy the utmost malice of my fate, and laugh to scorn each threatening danger.

Azâkia. Deem me not cruel, or ungrateful, if I deny your fond request. The boon you crave, I have no power to grant. My heart, my hand, are wedded; and friendship is the whole I can bestow. My faith I have plighted to the great Ouâbi, chief of the Illinois: his heroick deeds first won my heart; his matchless worth, his tenderness, and love, still hold me in affection's bonds. Even now imagi-

nation gives the noble warrior to my view, and hides thee from my sight. (c.) Come, let us seek the Sachem's hospitable abode: I long to present to my lord his Azâkia's brave deliverer.

Celario. Lead on: I will attend thee. Oh! Azâkia, thou hast fixed a dagger in my heart! But, while I lament my fate, I admire thy virtue, that might shame the polished European, and teach him the attributes of Justice. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Indian town, with a view of the surrounding country.— Ouâbi enters, attended by several Chiefs, as returning from battle: their bows flung across their shoulders.—Illinois women, and attendants.

Ouâbi. ONCE more, brave friends, the smile of victory rewards our toil. The proud, insulting foe, flies from the embattled plain; and, in the gloomy coverts of his woods, seeks refuge from our conquering arms.

Chief. Let us not trust too much in the advantage gained; we have but repulsed, not conquered, the daring foe: for, as I am informed, they mean once more to give us battle; and will, before the sun's uprising, seek us in the hostile field.

Ouâbi. Nor shall they seek in vain. We will, ere the first blush of day illumines the morn, leave the soft rushy couch, and peaceful cot, to meet in arms these Huron bands. So shall our alertness anticipate their savage wish—— But where, ye nymphs, is Azâkia? Why comes not she to greet her lord's return, and hail him welcome from the toils of war? She was wont, with smiles of cordial love, eager to clasp me in her loved embrace, and praise the gods that had preserved her husband's life; while in either eye affection beamed a tear, and spoke the honest transports of her soul.

Enter

Enter a Warrior hastily.

Warrior. Oh, woe!—Oh, grief unutterable!—Azâkia, wandering on the banks of yon swift stream, was seen by a band of savage Hurons, and made their prisoner. Attended by a party of Illinois, I hastened to her succour; but, alas! the foe so far out-numbered us, that we could afford her no relief.

Ouâbi. No relief!—Ah, coward! didst thou basely fly the monsters, then, and tamely to their savage fury yield my defenceless wife?

Warrior. The gods forbid! Superior as they were in force, we gave them battle. Long and obstinately we fought; till, overpowered by numbers, hopeless of success, and dreading the fury of the foe, many of our party sought safety in a coward flight.

Ouâbi. Degenerate monsters!

Warrior. Supported by a few brave warriors, who disdained to fly, still did I maintain the unequal conflict; when our royal mistress, escaping from her guards, withdrew the savage host, who eagerly pursued the flying captive. While yet within my view, I followed with my eye her rapid flight: her swiftness far outstripped the pursuing foe; one only seemed equal to her in pace, and he was still behind. Nor more of this sad tale can I relate. Yet would I hope——

Ouâbi. Hope! Alas, alas! my bosom feels it not.—But go, brave fellow, and staunch thy bleeding wounds: I will reward thy valour. [*Exit Warrior.*] Oh, Azâkia! too adventurous love! why didst thou leave our peaceful groves, where safety waited on thy steps? where, guarded by thy faithful servants, no insulting foe dared venture to intrude? But why, in idle speech, and fruitless tears, waste I the passing moments? Let us pursue the foe; and, though to rescue Azâkia be a blessing fate denies, we may revenge her loss.

[*As Ouâbi is going off, Azâkia enters, followed by Celario.*

Azâkia. Stay, my lord!—my husband!—love! Thy fond Azâkia, though snatched from danger's brink, still thinks her safety insecure, till in a husband's arms she feels herself enfolded.

[*Flies to his arms.*

Ouâbi.

Ouâbi. Merciful Heaven! I thank thee. Thy voice, my love, revives my drooping soul, and brings back joy, which grief for thy uncertain fate had banished from my bosom. What miracle restores thee to my arms?

Azâkia. Behold the saviour of Azâkia's life! [*Pointing to Celario.*] This god-like youth snatched me from the Huron's rage. Swift from his arm the pointed lightning flew, while the near thunder broke the trembling gale, and hurled the rude barbarian to the ground!—Oh! take him to your arms, and soothe his sorrows; for he has long, too long, alas! been wretched.

Ouâbi. With a brother's fondness I hail him welcome; and will, with all a brother's fondness, guard him from every danger, soothe his sorrow, and give his anxious mind relief.—Say, gentle stranger, whence the grief that hangs on thy sad brow? Hast thou been driven from thy native land, by some loved nymph, who heard unmoved thy tender vows? Or, has some powerful and rapacious chief seized on thy fortune, and from thy peaceful home driven thee forth a wretched child of want?

Celario. Though not insensible to beauty's charms, I am not the vassal of their power: nor do I to a cruel despot owe my sorrows. The land that gave me birth, feels not the misery of tyrannick sway. Our king governs with mildness and humanity: the father of his people is he; and he deems his subjects love his greatest blessing. Superior virtue marks his steps: a lovely consort shares in all his joys; while a numerous offspring, emblems of the race from whence they sprung, compleat his sum of earthly bliss. Long did I participate my country's blessings; till, in evil hour, dared by my foe to single combat, he fell beneath my sword! For this offence I am for ever banished; and now I mourn, too late, the dread effects of passion unrestrained.

Ouâbi. Let us, Azâkia—and you, my friends—strive to divert this noble stranger's sorrows. Time, and our best attention, may haply wipe from his memory the remembrance of this fatal error; while inward penitence, appeasing the angry gods, shall recall banished peace to his perturbed bosom.—Come, give me your hand; my residence is yours; our proffered love accept, and freely share our fortunes.

Celario.

Celario. If aught has power to free from grief my sorrowing mind, it is surely given to virtues such as thine. Be it my study to deserve your friendship. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

A wood.—Musick plays a soft symphony.—After which, Zisma enters.

AIR.

THE happy spot, how shall I find,
Where white-rob'd Peace delights to dwell?
Where sportive Mirth, with chearful mind,
Still tunes to Joy her vocal shell?

Oh! guide me on the blissful way,
And soothe the sorrows of my breast;
The throbbing pulse of mis'ry stay,
And give the wretched Zisma rest!

Enter a Female Attendant.

Attendant. Why, Zisma, do you seek the gloomy scenes of solitude? Why veil your beauties from admiring lovers, who court your smiles, and sigh the willing captives of your charms?

Zisma. Alas! I have no smiles to give: for I, too, mourn the pangs of unrequited love!

Attendant. Oft have I urged you to disclose what gives this sorrow birth: still are you deaf to my entreaties, and fly the painful explanation.

Zisma. Well may you reproach the wretched Zisma; her uncourteous manners deserve rebuke: for friendship, such as thine, claims every confidence. But how shall I expose my bosom's weakness, when even you must scorn the unhallowed wretch who dares to cherish such a guilty passion?

Attendant.

Attendant. Guilty passion! Surely, you wrong yourself! Guilt never could find a passage to that heart where every virtue blooms with excelling lustre.

Zisma. Far, very far, your partial fondness over-rates the merits of your friend, and spreads oblivion's veil on all my faults; else, in my every action, might you trace too much of error.

Attendant. Dishonour not your virtue with the unfriendly charge; nor longer hide your sorrows from your friend.

Zisma. Alas! too plainly must appear the cause from whence my griefs arise! What denote the faded lustre of my clouded eye—my loose, dishevelled tresses—the involuntary tear—and the deep sigh, that swells almost to bursting my anxious bosom? Of what are these descriptive, but of love? Yes, of hopeless love! for such is the peculiar malice of my fate, that he on whom my heart is fixed—never can be mine!

Attendant. Alas! unhappy maid!

Zisma. No more of this sad secret seek to know: nor, when you see me yielding to melancholy, wander—as perchance I may—amid the close embowering shades of this tall wood, by any look, word, or action, denote that you know the reason of my absence. Above all, be deaf to Azâkia's enquiries: suspicion already has alarmed her fears; and the friendship which she bears me will be pained at my distress.

Enter a second Attendant.

2d. Attendant. My mistress, the beauteous Azâkia, greets with her love the gentle Zisma, and desires she will hasten to her arms. She has a tale of wonder to relate, and impatiently waits to see her friend.

Zisma. I will attend her. [*Exit second Attendant.*] Now, my friend, observe the instructions I have given you.

Attendant. Fear not that I shall betray you. Your peace I treasure dearly as my own; and gladly would I share in all your sorrows. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

A grove. In the back ground Ouâbi's dwelling, and the town, are seen through a vista of trees.

Enter Celario.

BLUSH!—blush, ye sons of refinement!—ye boasters of reason, blush! and view superior virtue in untutored nature!—Heavens! with what endearing fondness did she hang upon his breast; and, as the fear-embellished tale she oft recounted o'er, the enamoured husband gazed with transport on her charms, and kissed from her cheek the falling tear, while all his soul seemed rapt in extacy and love! Why was I reserved for a fate so wretched? To witness such exalted virtue, such engaging sweetness, such luxuriancy of charms, yet be denied the happiness to call them mine? If I stay, my resolution to be just may yield to impassioned desire. Still, to tear myself from all my soul holds dear, is a task my fortitude can ill support. Ah! perish every vile, ungrateful thought! A nobler passion shall inspire my soul, and drive this amorous fondness from my breast. To-morrow, Ouâbi leads his sable host to battle: I will attend him; and, in pursuit of glory, forget the power of beauty.

Enter Azâkia.

Azâkia. Wherefore, Celario, do you fly the converse of your friends, who mourn your absence, and languish for your return? Why, in silent sorrow, do you bend your eyes on earth, heedless of the objects that surround you? [*Celario turns to Azâkia, and looks tenderly at her.*] Are you not well? [*She takes hold of his hand.*] Tell me, where lies your pain? Azâkia's bosom can admit no sense of joy, while misery dwells in thine.

Celario. [*Aside.*] What tuneful accents dwell upon her tongue! There is magick in her voice; and, while her beauties charm my wondering sight, her tenderness steals into my soul.

Azâkia. Come, come, Celario, forget your cares awhile, and give your thoughts to joy. This night Ouâbi holds a
B feast,

feast, to celebrate the marriage of a youthful pair he ranks among his friends, and asks your presence.

Celario. Thinks Azâkia that the mind, tortured with hopeless passion, can in another's happiness ever find relief? Idly to witness joy I cannot taste, will but increase the pangs I feel. Would Azâkia give my ardent passion one approving smile, no more of sorrow should this bosom know; no more in sad dejection should I roam; nor mourn, as fatal, the period which first gave you to my view.

Azâkia. Why will you nourish a passion that must destroy your peace? Think, what would be Azâkia's fate, should once your guilty passion reach Ouâbi's ears! Mild and gentle as is his temper, tranquil as the earliest hour of morn, when every rude blast in silence sleeps; yet, when base Ingratitude, assuming Friendship's luring form, meditates aught against his peace and honour, his manly bosom swells with honest indignation, and his unforgiving soul burns with a just revenge. Be then advised, fond youth; nor make a foe where you have found a friend.

Celario. Dreadful is the picture thy tender fears have drawn!—But, oh! Azâkia, fondness such as mine disdains to hear the warning voice of Reason! Heedless of danger, it wanders over the craggy precipice of peril; nor checks its vagrant steps, till it gains the summit of bliss, or sinks into the profound abyss of ruin.

Azâkia. If, deaf to Reason, you are determined thus to enforce your lawless suit, it were best we should avoid each other. Henceforth I abjure your society; nor will I ever, but in the presence of some faithful friend, hold with you more discourse.

Celario. Oh, Azâkia! look not thus unkindly! The frowns of fortune I could bear without complaining, let me escape your scorn—that quite unmans me. Do not, then, by looks of cold disdain, increase the misery that torments my soul. Though rigid Virtue forbids thee to approve my fondness, she will not, surely, teach thee to refuse the sigh which pity gives to soothe the breast of hopeless love!

Azâkia. Alas! Celario, how can Azâkia relieve thy
tortured

tortured mind, herself a prey to sad anxiety? Had I, fond youth, thy virtues known, ere I had wed Ouâbi, my choice had fallen on thee. But say, Celario, had it been thus, wouldst thou have tamely borne Ouâbi's suit? Wouldst thou have heard, unmoved, or unrevenged, those guilty vows which now thou breathest in Azâkia's ear?

Celario. A sight like this, I do confess, would drive my soul to madness. Oh! thou hast held a mirror to my eyes, in which thy heavenly virtue meets my view; and where I trace, in glowing colours, all my own unworthiness. Forgive the past! Henceforth, I promise to suppress my passion; and learn, from your example, to be just.

Zisma. [*Speaking without.*]

Where is Azâkia? where my lovely friend? [*Enters.*] Oh! let me clasp her to my bosom, and speak the joy her safety gives me! [*Embraces Azâkia.*] Ouâbi told me all the wondrous tale, and I have hastened to congratulate you on your escape.

Celario. [*Aside.*] To what has my guilt reduced me! These rude, unpolished savages, exhibit stronger marks of virtue, than minds schooled in philosophy could ever boast!

Azâkia. [*Presenting Zisma.*] Celario, I would recommend to your favour this lovely girl.

Celario. Those whom Azâkia honours with her regard must to Celario's heart be ever welcome.—Sweet maid, receive me in the happy number of your friends.

Zisma. Thanks, gentle Sir; and what my feeble service can effect to make your residence among us happy, shall not be wanting.

Azâkia. [*Aside to Celario.*] Could you, Celario, but transfer the affection you profess to bear me on the youthful Zisma, how would you increase the debt I owe you!

Celario. So firmly is your image rooted in my heart, that nought but death can ever efface it. Excuse me to your friend, while I retire to compose my scattered spirits, lest they betray the disorder of my mind. [*Bows to Zisma, and Exit.*]

Zisma. Why will he not stay? He looks, methinks, unhappy!

Azâkia. You are not deceived. Celario's peace, I fear, has received a mortal wound.

Zisma. Your generous friendship will soften his distress, and sweetly soothe the sorrows of his mind.

Azâkia. Could *Zisma's* charms impress his gentle mind, there were, indeed, some hope he might forget his cares.

Zisma. Alas, *Azâkia!* you but flatter me. This European, accustomed to behold superior charms to those which we can boast, will never yield to us his freedom: or if he could with favour view your friend; even could her feeble charms inspire his bosom with a fond regard; I should, I fear, prove ungrateful to his love.

Azâkia. Have you, then, *Zisma*, already lost your heart?

Zisma. Not so, perhaps; but, beauteous as he is, I think I could not love him.

Azâkia. Not love him! His form is such that might inspire even *Apathy* herself, and warm her frozen heart to love!

Zisma. I hope *Azâkia's* heart is proof against his wondrous charms!

Azâkia. I hope so too. But tell me, *Zisma*, what latent grief preys on your mind? Of late, I have observed you given to melancholy, impatient of society, and fond of solitude! This reverse of temper, in one whose sprightly step was wont to tread the flowery paths of pleasure, bespeaks some strange event.

Zisma. I confess, I have of late, but why I cannot tell, been wondrous melancholy: my spirits have been overcharged with grief; tears have involuntarily flowed; and sighs, almost too big for utterance, forced their passage from my heart.

Azâkia. And all without a cause?

Zisma.

Zisma. Do not, my friend, urge this unpleasant theme : the mention of it but augments my melancholy.

Azâkia. If I cannot ease, I will not increase, the pangs you feel : but, surely, Zisma, you wrong yourself, to withhold your sorrows from your friends !

Zisma. Let us dismiss this painful subject, and join the gladsome train, busily employed in preparations for the nuptials of Ianthe. Cease to enquire the cause of my distress, which would but pain thy gentle breast to know.

Time's healing balm shall give my cares relief,
And sweet oblivion veil the cause of grief.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

MARRIAGE-CEREMONY OF THE ILLINOIS.

Scene, a plain, fringed with firs and shrubs : wreathes of flowers hung on the branches.—A procession of Illinois men and women enter, with instruments of musick, and range themselves on each side of the stage.—Ouâbi enters, leading in a Chief; Azâkia conducts a young Female : Celario, Zisma, Izênia, female Attendants, with several Chiefs, follow; who place themselves on seats prepared for them.—Here a dance of youths and virgins : the measure done, Ouâbi, with the rest, come forward.—The Bride and Bridegroom have each a branch of cedar in their hands.

Ouâbi. NOW, friends, attend to witness the union of this youthful pair; and by your prayers invoke, from the great Ruler of yon vaulted sky, a blessing on their loves.

Bridegroom. [*Breaking his branch into small pieces; in which ceremony he is followed by the Bride.*] (D.) Thus the sacred tokens of my love I to Ianthe yield, and gladly here accept her for my wife.

Bride. And these, the witnesses of my truth, I to thy hands commit, and own thee for my husband.

Ouâbi.

Ouâbi. And thus, the common friend of both, these pledges of your faith I here receive. In some safe place I will bestow them, that, when mutual inclination prompts you to dissolve this sacred tie, they may be given to the hallowed flames. (E.)

Azâkia. And thus, from thy virgin brow, the maiden veil (F.) I draw; and, in the matron's circle, of lustral beads composed, thy flowing tresses bind.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Indian Youth.

Ye happy swains, who joy these woods to rove;
And you, ye nymphs, companions of their bliss;
Who, softly blushing, hear the tales of love,
And, half-resisting, yield th' enraptur'd kiss:

Hither, ye swains, your footsteps bend;
Hither, ye nymphs, the dance convey;
With well-strung lute and song attend,
To hail *Lanthe's* wedding-day.

CHORUS.

Hither, ye swains, &c.

Indian Nymph.

View the blest'd pair, in native charms array'd;
See, rose-lipp'd Joy expels each anxious fear;
In ev'ry face Contentment's smile display'd,
In ev'ry eye Affection's glist'ning tear.

CHORUS.

Hither, ye swains, &c.

Second Youth.

Long may ye live to share each other's love,
Unvex'd by cares which happiness annoy;
May each revolving year the scene improve,
With glowing tints, touch'd by the hand of Joy.

CHORUS.

Hither, ye swains, &c.

Second

Second Nymph.

And may the offspring of the faith you plight,
 In Virtue's precepts all their thoughts engage:
 Form'd by your care, their actions shall delight
 The morn of youth, and cheer the eve of age.

CHORUS.

Hither, ye swains, &c.

[*Curtain drops.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

*Outside of Ouâbi's dwelling.**Enter Zisma, and Attendant.*

Zisma. **W**HITHER is Azâkia strayed? Her wanderings will, I fear, again expose her to the lurking foe!

Attendant. Within a grove of fragrant pines, that westward of yon blue mountain rears it's towering head, a silver stream in pensive murmurs winds it's lonely way; on whose sedgy banks, by pliant reeds and drooping willows fringed, Azâkia, in her Sachem's absence, beguiles the tedious hours: there, in the cooling arbour's grateful shade, invokes the soothing balm of sleep, or in the lucid stream laves her languid limbs. Thither she now directs her mournful steps, to indulge the pensive melancholy which the absence of those she loves imposes on her mind.

Zisma. The British youth Celario, too, you say, is with Ouâbi gone out to battle?

Attendant.

Attendant. His daring spirit, impatient of restraint, and disdainful of a dull, inactive life, craved permission to join Ouâbi's warrior bands. Pleased with his courage, the noble chief granted the youth's request; and now these friends, prompted by love of martial glory, together dare the rage of war, seeking in the face of peril those laurels which adorn the brow of valour.

Zisma. May those celestial spirits, who guard the breast where virtue dwells, shield them from every danger, crown with success the cause for which they fight, and send them back in safety!—Azâkia's mind pants for retirement; mine, too, inclines to solitude. Let her, then, undisturbed, enjoy her thoughts; while I, by wayward fancy led, pursue my silent meditations.

AIR.

Zisma.

"What cruel anguish feels the breast,
To hopeless love a prey!
Night brings the tearful eye no rest,
And torture rules the day.

"A vision that's for ever flown,
Seems ev'ry transport past;
And life affords one bliss alone—
The sense it cannot last."

SCENE II.

A grove; an arbour decorated with flowers and shrubs; and a stream of water, near which Azâkia is seen sleeping on a bank, Izênia seated near her.—Musick plays a pensive strain; after which, Azâkia wakes in fearful trepidation.

Azâkia. WHO is there?—Izênia! give me your hand.

Izênia. Heavens, how you tremble! What has disturbed you thus?

Azâkia.

Azâkia. Oh! I have had such dreams, such horrid phantasies disturbed my slumbers, that only to reflect on them startles my soul with horror!

Izénia. Compose yourself, my friend; nor let the babbling of an idle dream disorder thus your spirits.

Azâkia. Has no intelligence been received from Ouâbi?

Izénia. None, I believe. But why that question?

Azâkia. Oh, *Izénia*! methought I saw Ouâbi fall beneath a Huron's dreadful hatchet. Celario hastened to revenge the fatal blow, and shared his friend's disastrous fate! I saw them bleeding on the ground; and the rude barbarian prepared the dreadful knife to strip the plummy honours (G.) of their heads: then, stretching out my arm to stay the savage hands, I awaked!

Izénia. And, happily, find it but a dream. This is the work of mimic Fancy; who, when the weary senses seek the soft embrace of sleep, usurps the place of Reason, and with her wayward pencil portrays these visionary scenes; suiting the objects which she draws to the hopes or fears that possess the waking mind. Sometimes her airy tablets unfold soft scenes of bliss, that in Elysium wrap the credulous soul; and sometimes, from the legends of despair, she trammels up such hideous forms as affright the woe-fraught mind, and with rude emotion break the bonds of sleep. Think it but this, and no more,

Azâkia. No more!—Hark! what noise was—that? Did you hear nothing?

Izénia. No other sounds, than those our voices uttered, reached my ears.

Enter a Female Attendant hastily.

Azâkia. See! who comes here!—Say, virgin, what intelligence hast thou brought? If, as they say, the face express what passes in the mind, then may we argue from thy care-worn features thou bringest fatal tidings; for despair is pictured in thy looks, and in thine eye trembles the tear of sorrow.

C

Attendant.

Attendant. Celario —

Azâkia. What of Celario! he is not dead?

Attendant. Not dead, but wounded by an arrow. Some twenty slaves, (H.) guarded by a band of Illinois, have, at Ouâbi's command, brought him with orders to receive your care.

Azâkia. Alas!—Izênia, thou toldst me my fears were born of sportive fancy: superior powers, thou seest, gave them birth! But come, lead me to the bleeding youth: danger once known, removes the dread of apprehension, and prepares the mind to suffer future woe. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Celario discovered lying on a couch: several Female Attendants near him.

First Attendant. HE sleeps. Let us retire, and leave him to needful repose.

Second Attendant. Fatigue and toil have more oppressed his spirits, than the pain his wound occasions. Sleep will refresh his weary limbs; and, when he wakes, he will almost forget that he is hurt.

First Attendant. It is somewhat unfortunate that our mistress, and her friends, should at such a time be absent.

Second Attendant. Our careful warriors having applied the healing balsam to his wound, their absence is less to be regretted.—But, see! the weeping Azâkia comes.

Enter Azâkia.

Azâkia. Where, ye nymphs, shall I find Celario?

First Attendant. Lo! here he lies, a willing prisoner to the power of sleep.

Azâkia. Asleep! and his wounds undressed!

First

First Attendant. Not so; his wound, which is but slight, has received the necessary aid.

Azâkia. Then leave him, friends; myself will watch his slumbers, and prepare his food. Meanwhile, engage yon mourning warriors to search the mazy wood, and weedy desert, for those choice healing plants, (1.) that check the progress of disease, and re-animate the wasting fires of health. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Azâkia approaches Celario, seats herself by him, and gazes at him with the mixed emotions of grief and joy. She takes his hand, and presses it to her lips and bosom: after a long pause, she speaks.

Azâkia. How pale he looks! Fled is the bloom of health that late suffused his cheeks, and pallid Sickness has o'er all his features spread her deadly hue.—Ill-fated youth! By adverse fortune driven from thy native land, a stranger in a foreign clime, who shall now perform the last sad offices of friendship? No parent here beholds thy melancholy fate; no faithful friend attends to close thy dying eyes; and no fond maid hast thou, loved object of thy tender vows, to kiss away affliction's tears, and soothe the pangs of expiring nature!—If the poor Azâkia's tender care can aught supply the place of these, or to thy anxious bosom bring one solitary ray of joy, she will deem herself beyond expression blessed! [*Kneeling.*] Ye heavenly powers, receive an humble suppliant's prayers! Look down with pity on the sorrows of this noble youth! Snatch him from the cold embraces of the ghastly tyrant! Preserve, ye gods, his valued life, and once more restore him to his weeping friends!—But, see! he wakes.—How fares it, Celario?

Celario. [*Rising.*] Better, much better, I thank you. This friendly sleep has much revived me; and, methinks, I am almost well again.

Azâkia. Where have you received your hurt?

Celario. An envious arrow from a Huron's bow has pierced my side. The wound is slight; but loss of blood rendered me too faint to pursue the foe, and with reluctance I left the field.

Azâkia. Why, Celario, did you fly these tranquil shades, to brave the rage of war?

Celario. What, but Azâkia's scorn, could force me hence! What, but Azâkia's hate, hurry me into the bosom of tumultuous war! Had I from you met aught of kindness, never had I wandered from these blessed abodes.

Azâkia. Ingrateful youth! What would Azâkia e'er refuse to make Celario happy, that he with justice might demand, and she with honour grant?

Celario. The scene of sad distress in which I first beheld thee, all bathed in tears, and kneeling at the inexorable Huron's feet imploring life, raised in my breast the soft emotions of sacred pity: but, when I nearer viewed thy charms, and heard the tuneful accents of thy voice, my mind was filled with admiration; and, at that instant, love, baffling the efforts of reason, stole into my heart, and sealed me thine for ever!

Azâkia. And is Celario alone unhappy? Alas! fond youth, my griefs are in unison with thine; and, while the pangs of hopeless love rend thy breast, they wound my bosom too!

Celario. Does then, Azâkia, with the partial eyes of affection, view the lost Celario? Does his image dwell in that lovely bosom? Oh, happy hour! blessed moment of delight, that dawns on my wretchedness, and wakes to joy my sickening soul! No more at Fortune will I rail, nor longer chide her harsh decrees. Azâkia loves me, and I am blessed beyond the reach of fate! Encircled in thy fond embrace, what pain can reach Celario's heart?

Azâkia. And dost thou think, rash youth, Azâkia would destroy her virtue's fame, and wrong a husband's love? Ah! little knowest thou Azâkia's soul.

Celario. [*Aside.*] Amazement! Can savage nature be thus rich in virtue? How many European wives, who boast of learning, and at Virtue's shrine affect devotion, have enrolled their names on Recreancy's records? [*Musing.*] It must be so. This night will I bid adieu to the fascinating charms which feed the flames of love, and lose by absence the passion that deprives my soul of peace.

Azâkia.

Azâkia. Why, Celario, are you thus silent? Why turn you from me, as if I were offensive to your sight?

Celario. Not so, chaste excellence! I turn but to conceal the glowing blushes of ingenuous shame. Forgive, Azâkia, my rude insult to thy virtue, which henceforth I will strive to imitate; and, since fate forbids our honourable union, it were best we part—to meet no more.

Azâkia. Ah! why, Celario, will you add pangs to those which rend my heart? Though to Ouâbi I will ever prove a duteous wife, yet thy presence can alone make me blessed.

Celario. My resolves are fixed: seek not, therefore, to divert the honest purpose of my soul. To some remote corner of the world will I bend my course, and hide me from the ruin that here awaits me.

Azâkia. Let not Azâkia sue in vain, whose fondness would arrest thy wandering steps, and fix them ever here. Why would you desert these happy shades, where sweet Simplicity delights to dwell; where Innocence, in snow-white mantle clad, beaming soft radiance on all around, with smiling Peace, her twin-born sister, leads in new delight the rosy hours along? Whither, ah! whither wilt thou fly?

Celario. In some lone wood, where yet no human foot has ever trod, the lost Celario shall from the world lie hid. In these secluded shades, fearless of reproof, to the passing gales will I tell my sorrows: there on every tree, in characters that shall defy the mouldering touch of Time, weeping will I carve the story of my woes; while pitying Echo, from the bosom of her hollow cave, responsive to my griefs, shall repeat the mournful tale.—But, hark! these martial sounds proclaim the victor's near return. He timely comes, to receive my last farewell.

Azâkia. Unkind Celario! ungrateful youth! where, ah! where shall Azâkia, who lives but in thy sight, find happiness, when thou art gone? [*Celario walks about much disordered.*]

Enter Ouâbi, attended by Warriors.

Ouâbi. In tears, Azâkia! what may this mean? Why heaves thy bosom with unwonted sighs? why, in thy kerchief,

chief, dost thou from my longing sight conceal thy beauteous face? that face, where Joy was wont to spread her roseate smile, and charm each froward care!

Azâkia. Tired with our humble manners, disgusted with our rude, unpolished modes, the loved Celario flies Azâkia's sight, nor heeds the tears that for his absence flow. Far, far from Ouâbi's liberal home, his steady friendship, and his soothing care, the changeful youth in search of newer friends desires to roam.

Ouâbi. Since kindly fortune gave thee for our guest, my care has been to make Celario happy. The mention of his name inspires my soul with joy; and none can hold him dearer to their hearts than does Ouâbi. Why, then, dear youth, wouldst thou desert this friendly roof? Has any dared to wrong thee? Shew me the wretch; and, by the sacred powers that rule on high, the traitor dies! This night our warriors hold the solemn war-feast; (K.) and to-morrow's sun lights me to the martial plain. While, then, I brave the utmost malice of the insulting foe, and danger hangs on my every step, let my loved Azâkia find in thee a friend.

Celario. All that can make life happy in this peaceful cottage have I found; yet my heart, wedded to grief, remains insensible to every impression of joy. In vain would Fancy woo me for her guest! in vain Hope spreads her fascinating charms to beguile my sorrows! To-morrow I will attend thee; and in the hostile field, amid the noisy din of arms, and battle's rage, drown Care's intrusive voice.

Ouâbi. Ill can thy wounded body support the rugged toils of war, unfit to seek the ambushed chiefs, and follow the flying foe; or, menaced by superior force, to emulate the swiftness of the wind, and in the tangling wood obtain safe refuge. Here, then, the tranquil hours of peace enjoy with Azâkia, till I in safety from the war return.

Azâkia. Azâkia joins the kind entreaties of her lord.—Do not, Celario, leave us!

Celario. Dispose of me as you will: henceforth, I yield me to your every wish.

Ouâbi. Come, let us to the banquet. Haste, faithful warriors,

riors, and prepare the feast: fill to it's brim the generous bowl; let all the fable beverage (L.) enjoy; while the fierce dance, (M.) and songs of vengeance, fire the kindling soul.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A plain, with a distant view of the town.

Enter Zisma, and Attendant.

Attendant. THEN has the untutored tongue of Accident revealed the secret of your grief; which you so long, heedless of friends entreaties, have buried in the bosom of cautious silence!—Say, where, and how, was the discovery made?

Zisma. When I this morning left you, pensive I wandered to a flowery vale, that in the hollow bosom of yon tall hills lies concealed from view. Wrapt in thought, I heeded not to whence I strayed; nor checked my steps, till fatigue oppressed my spirits, and fainting nature craved from toil a respite. There, on a moss-clad bank, I threw my weary form, and gazed awhile the scene around: here I gave my fondness utterance; and here Ouâbi, who, impatient to behold his loved Azâkia, had left his martial bands behind, heard the sorrowing tale. His unexpected presence overwhelmed me with confusion; when, to relieve the embarrassment this incident had occasioned, with unaffected pity the noble warrior took my hand; and, pressing it to his lips, thanked me for the esteem I bore him; then, bowing low, pursued his way.

Attendant. Alas! dear maid, with honest sympathy my bosom compassionates your sorrows; and would the power were mine to heal the wounds of hopeless love!

Zisma. Methinks, since the secret has escaped my lips, I am become more tranquil. Ouâbi's placid eye spoke peace to my love-lorn mind; and, though he cannot return the affection which I bear him, he will soothe with Friendship's voice the sorrows of my breast.

Attendant.

Attendant. Celario, with superior beauty graced, nor less in beauty rich than the great Ouâbi, seems a conquest worthy Zisma's charms!

Zisma. This theme Azâkia oft has urged; but Celario, to grief a prey, regards not Zisma.

Attendant. He has, perhaps, left in his native plains the object of his love, whose fair image still lives in his mind, and all his thoughts engages.

Zisma. If, from the passion that has possessed my soul, I may of others judge, Celario's thoughts dwell on the Sachem's lovely bride, in whose society he seems alone content. Oft have I seen him, in the noon-tide's glare, when languid nature droops beneath the scorching beams of yon bright orb, and Illinois's sons seek the cool shade—yes, often have I seen him then climbing some craggy rock's extreme height, to mark the path where Azâkia strayed; and, having viewed her beauteous form, swift as the winged arrow he descends, darts along the sultry plain, and to the loved retreat impatiently urges his rapid course.

Attendant. Ha! this is love!—But say, how does Azâkia receive the youth's attention?

Zisma. With a welcome that speaks him dear. She hails him the favour of her life, and gratefully returns his kind regard. Yet, such her purity, the faith she plighted to her bosom's lord receives no touch of injury. Ouâbi with an eye of pleasure beholds their friendship, and shares in all their joy.—But, see! Azâkia this way bends her steps.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Enter Azâkia.

Azâkia. Why, Zisma, do you thus neglect your friends, and in sullen silence waste the tedious day?

Zisma. A wandering inclination led me to yon distant plain; nor, till the sun's declining beams cautioned me to return, did I employ my busy thoughts on home.—But where is young Celario, and where your royal Sachem, that you thus unattended walk?

Azâkia. This night is held the war-feast, for which I left the chiefs preparing.

Zisma.

Zisma. And goes Ouâbi to the morrow's battle?

Azâkia. Yes! to-morrow decides our fate! Either the sons of Illinois subdue the savage foe, or to their lordly sway obedience yield. Tell me, *Zisma*, have you considered what last we spoke of? Can you on young Celario your fond affection fix, and will you break with him the sacred shivers?

Zisma. Did Celario but view me with a lover's partial eyes, obedient to my friend's request, I would my hand yield to the gentle youth. Yet much I doubt, the noble Briton honours not with his thoughts the humble *Zisma*!

Azâkia. Why should I veil from thee the secrets of my heart? On me, my *Zisma*, all his thoughts are fixed. Oft has he importuned me with his fondness; and I, as oft, the flattering tale repulsed. Convinced, at length, I never can be his, he has determined to suppress the mention of his love, and studies to forget his hopeless passion. Hence a fullen melancholy has seized his spirits; which, if not removed, will probably prove fatal. Would the beauteous *Zisma* strive to win his gentle love, and by a fond attention wean from grief his sorrowing mind, she might in his affections find a bright reward.

Zisma. I will attempt the arduous task, to oblige my lovely friend.—But, see! the sacred fires blaze on high; and the thick smoke, in circling spires, o'ertops the lofty clouds: the warlike youths in circling orders rise; (N.) and amid the venerable chiefs the royal Sachem stands. *Azâkia's* absence will mar the pleasure of the feast.

Azâkia. I will attend them: you, too, *Zisma*, must join the assembled chiefs.

Zisma. I will follow. [*Exit Azâkia.*] Then my fears are verified! Celario loves *Azâkia*; nor does she less admire him! What if the royal chief, beholding their mutual passion, should to the wasting flames consign the witness of their union, and to Celario's desiring arms his lovely consort yield!—Alas! that were a hope too flattering to indulge: a hope, vain as my despairing love! Then will I take my friend's advice, subdue the restless wishes of my heart, and court this European's smile. Yet still I fear my thoughts will wander from the gentle youth, and pensive dwell on

Ouâbi's manly form; nor can the utmost efforts of my mind wean them from the fond abode.

AIR.

Zisma.

Thus, when by Fate compell'd to fly,
Some lov'd retreat we bid adieu;
Ere distance hide it from the eye,
We turn to take a parting view!

And as the landscape fades away,
And mocks the still attentive eye;
The scenes of bliss from which we stray,
Imagination's pow'rs supply.

But soon the dream of Fancy fades,
With each bright scene her smiles impress'd;
The cheated senses wake in shades,
And lasting anguish racks the breast:

In vain new visions we invite,
And hope to soothe the anxious mind;
Which pensive dwells on past delight,
And mourns the joys we left behind!

[Exit.

SCENE V.

THE WAR-FEAST.

A wide plain, bordered by lofty trees. A range of seats, in the form of half-moons, appear rising one above another; at the foot of which are other seats. A kind of throne for the Sachem, somewhat more elevated than the seats, stands in the centre. A fire is seen in the back ground, and a distant view of the Mississippi.—A procession of Warriors enters, with bows (o.) slung across their shoulders, and hatchets in their hands; which, on their entrance, they hang on the surrounding trees. The Warriors place themselves on the seats, according to their rank: then follow a groupe of venerable Chiefs, or Counsellors, who seat themselves

selves in like order on the seats surrounding that appointed for the Sachem.—After which, Ouâbi enters, with Azâkia, Celario, Zisma, Izênia, and train of Attendants; who having seated themselves, the bowl is served round with great solemnity and devotion.—The Warriors then rise, and form the dance.

Oudbi. ENOUGH! Break off the airy measure. Tune we, now, our voices to notes of melody.

Fill, fill to it's brim, the gen'rous bowl;
Let copious draughts inspire the soul:
To deeds of fame, your voices raise,
And sing the battle's glorious praise!

CHORUS.

Fill, fill to it's brim, &c.

First Warrior.

See our brave chiefs, their warrior train,
To meet the foe impatient lead;
Or through the wood, or o'er the plain,
With anxious hope they urge their speed.

CHORUS.

Fill, fill to it's brim, &c.

Second Warrior.

Lo! where the firm battalions rise,
There missive darts unerring fly!
Th' echoing war-whoop (P.) rends the skies,
And bleeding chiefs expiring lie!

CHORUS.

Fill, fill to it's brim, &c.

Third Warrior.

Though Danger rear her sick'ning form,
The dauntless chief no terror knows;
Fearless he braves the threat'ning storm,
And all his soul with ardour glows.

CHORUS.

Fill, fill to it's brim, &c.

Fourth Warrior.

And now, with dread, resistless force,
 Whole ranks the hatchet's rage destroy;
 And Vict'ry's shouts make Echo hoarse,
 Thrilling each breast with madd'ning joy!

CHORUS.

Fill, fill to it's brim, &c.

Fifth Warrior.

The vanquish'd foe, with trembling haste,
 The peaceful white-town (Q.) seek to gain;
 Swift o'er the wide, expansive waste,
 The victor leads th' exulting train.

CHORUS.

Fill, fill to it's brim, &c.

Sixth Warrior.

And now each weary chief retires,
 To joys that hail his native plain;
 Still watchful of the sacred fires, (R.)
 Till war awake his pow'r again.

CHORUS.

Fill, fill to it's brim, &c.

Ouâbi descends from the throne, and with the rest comes forward.

Ouâbi. Lo! where the setting Sun, on the unrippled surface of yon parent flood, darts his yet lingering beams; while, in the east, the pale star of evening dawns, and warns us of the sable night's approach. The hour of rest draws near: till then, let the peaceful calumet (s.) the solemn feast succeed; and, ere the morning's ray over heaven's high arch it's crimson blush has spread, let every warrior be prepared to hunt the daring foe that in the skirts of these domains lie ambushed.—Remember, friends, the cause, the sacred cause, that calls us to the martial plain! To defend from innovation our rights and liberties, to preserve inviolable the dearest ties of nature, bend we the supple bow: for these the barbed arrow wings it's flight; for these more dreadful falls the hatchet's force; for these we dare the battle's

battle's furious rage, and bravely conquer, or as bravely fall ! *[A flourish of musick. [r.] Ouâbi leads off Azâkia ; and is followed by Celario, Zisma, Izênia, and Attendants. The order of the procession reversed.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A plain, bounded by a thick wood.

Enter Zisma, and Izênia.

Izênia. DOES he still remain deaf to your kind attentions ?

Zisma. Vainly I sought to win him from his griefs, and scarcely did he deign to notice my civilities. Sometimes, indeed, they seemed to gain his attention ; and then, in mournful accents, sighing, he said—" I thank thy friendly care, that, hopeless of success, still strives to soothe my sorrowing mind." Then stopping short, again was silent. At length, wearied with my importunities, he rudely cried—" I would be left alone, and unattended trace these gloomy shades !" Then hurried from my sight.

Izênia. See where he comes, followed by Azâkia, who strives to still the tempest in his breast !—Let us retire.

[They retire:]

Enter Celario, followed by Azâkia.

Azâkia. Hear me, Celario ! Do not, dear youth, indulge this wayward grief. The friends you have left may boast of fairer forms, and our uncultured courtesy excel ; yet their bosoms glow not with love more fervent than those our clime affords you.

Celario.

Celario. Alas! or love me less, or love me more. Grant the fond wishes of my heart, or banish me for ever from your presence.

Azâkia. From the feeble charms the sad Azâkia boasts, turn thy deluded eyes.—Behold the youthful Zisma.

Celario. Talk not of her! She is but the green foliage of the rising spring: thou art the summer's fragrant blossom. (u.)

Azâkia. Though yet her beauty be but in the bud, the hand of Time soon will ripen to perfection the lovely bloom; and proud shall be the beauteous maid to hail thee for her lord.

Enter a wounded Illinois, who throws himself on the ground.

Illinois. Help, help, or I die! [*Azâkia and Celario start at the sound of the voice; and, having seen the fallen warrior, run to his assistance.*

Azâkia. Oh, my foreboding soul! All, all, I fear, is lost! Say, gallant chief, has loved Ouâbi escaped the battle's rage, or is the noble warrior numbered with the dead?—He cannot speak! the hand of Death is on him, and his parched lips are sealed for ever!

Celario. No, he revives!—How fares it, friend? If thou canst aught of utterance command, speak, I charge thee, to the distracted fears which rack our tortured minds. Where is the Sachem?

Illinois. I alone, of all our numerous host, escaped the fatal plains: the rest—the rest, are fallen, or to the Huron towns in slavery led! I can no more.

Enter Izênia.

Celario. Haste, Izênia, to where yon warriors inactive stand, and send them hither; a fallen chief demands their care. [*Exit Izênia.*] Yield not, Azâkia, to immoderate grief. The royal chief may yet be safe; and yet, again, receive thy fond embrace. I will this instant seek the hero's scattered friends, more numerous still than those he led to battle, and in a few short hours pursue these Huron bands. This arm,
inured

inured to toil, and nerved by friendship, shall to the noble warrior freedom give, or on the savage foe revenge his fate!

[*Several Warriors enter, who raise the wounded chief, and bear him off.*]

Azâkia. Generous man! gladly I see burst forth the innate virtues of thy god-like mind. As when conflicting spirits shake the skies, and the clear beams of yonder golden orb lie hid in darkness, (x.) so wayward passion, though it sway thy soul, and veil awhile the lustre of thy reason, still yields to native worth, subdues the restless fiend, and dissipates the mist of each opposing error. I feared the mention of Ouâbi's fate would have flushed thy countenance with joy! His death, methought, had banished from thy lorn bosom the pangs of wretchedness, and given birth to ardent hope!

Celario. Cursed be the wretch who on another's ruin builds his hope of bliss! No, Azâkia, thy example shall be the model of my future conduct. From thee, loved object of my doating eyes, to serve my friend, with grateful joy I fly! Thy wondrous beauties memory shall forget: thy magick voice vibrate no more on my enraptured ear! Revenge alone shall fire my soul, and all my thoughts employ.

Azâkia. Vain, I fear, will be your kind attempt! But go, Celario, endeared more closely to my heart by this heroick greatness; go, and incite our hardy tribe to arms. For you each warlike youth will raise his voice; you, who beneath their matchless Sachem's eyes, could greatly conquer, and could nobly bleed.

Celario. The foe, fatigued with slaughter, resigns to ease. Their conquering arms are thrown aside: thus, unprepared for war, they fall an easy prey. Meantime, within the bosom of the faithful Zisma, indulge the pleasing dreams of bliss; for soon, my hopes presage, thy friend and husband shall to these peaceful shades triumphantly return.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Outside of Ouâbi's dwelling.**Enter Zisma, and Attendant.*

Zisma. THUS, then, the fabled vision of Delight, by faithless Hope portrayed, by Fondness cherished, is faded from my view! Celario may wed the fond Azâkia; but Zisma's love sleeps in Death's icy arms!

Attendant. Of that no certain news is yet arrived. Perhaps, the captive of insulting foes, he mourns the loss of liberty.

Zisma. In either case, my doom is wretchedness! Or dead, or held in bondage, he to me is lost for ever! It was some comfort to behold his manly form, and hear the tuneful accents of his voice. But even of these joys I am now completely stripped by cruel Fate!

AIR.

Zisma.

Alas! he is lost to my sight,
No more his lov'd form shall I see!
That form which could all eyes delight,
That form which was worshipp'd by me!

How oft, on the banks of yon rill,
Where Flora her beauties displays;
How oft, on yon thyme-tufted hill,
I fondly have caroll'd his praise!

There Fancy would smiling attend,
And Hope point to scenes of delight;
But day-dreams of bliss quickly end,
And horrors pervade the long night!

A garland of cypress I'll weave,
The tomb of my love to adorn;
His grave bathe with tears ev'ry eve,
And hasten to weep there each morn.

Enter

Enter Azâkia.

Azâkia. What means this painful stay? Hear they unmoved their royal Sachem's fate? or does Celario repent his vow, and unrevenge must brave Ouâbi fall?

Zisma. Let not suspicion wrong the gallant youth. Faithful he will be found. [*Shouts and warlike musick heard.*] Hark! the friendly tribes are near; and see, along the dusky plain, our warlike chiefs extend their lengthened lines! A moving world they seem: heroes for conquest formed, and formed for glory.

Enter Celario, with Warriors.

Celario. See, lovely mourner, how your faithful tribes burn to revenge their chief!

Azâkia. Thanks, gallant youth!—and thanks to you, brave friends! This chearful haste revives my drooping soul.—But, oh, Celario! each moment since you left me has teemed with misery. The murderous dream (Y.) scared my imperfect slumbers. Clad in a flame of fire the warrior came; towards me stretched his faithful arms; and, with most piteous looks, reproached my lingering stay. Ah! should he once again salute my view, this killing draught, [*Takes from her bosom a phial.*] of deadly cytron's [z.] poisonous root composed, shall waft me to the Stygian shore, where I may meet again the fearless chief. In life, I never his first wish opposed; nor must I, after death, dare disobey his second summons.

Celario. How can the dead rise from the silent tomb? What power directs them through the gloom of night? The bleeding warrior, who to thine ear pronounced the fatal tidings of his sad defeat, knew not that he was slain. Perhaps he lives, slave to the haughty victors; or, beneath the savage torture, his towering mind still struggles to be free! This arm shall burst the ignoble bonds asunder, and free him from the foe.—O swear, then, by the sacred powers on high—swear by thy fond Celario's constant love—till his sad fate be known, thou wilt not venture to provoke thy own!

Azâkia. Then, by the Ruler of yon flaming orb, and by Celario's constant love, I swear, the fatal draught shall never
E pass

pass these lips, till the young warrior shall again return, and the dreaded fate of my loved lord be faithfully revealed.

Celario. Enough! thy solemn vow lulls every anxious fear.—Now, brave friends, let us rush onward; and remember, 'tis for your king you fight.

[*Exit Celario, with Warriors. Flourish of musick.*]

Azâkia. War on, brave youth, and guardian angels thy daring steps attend!—Meantime, Zisma, let us withdraw, and to the great God of nature prefer our humble suit for their success. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Huron town. Ouâbi bound, surrounded by Huron Chiefs & Guards.—A pile of wood, round which several stakes are seen: to these prisoners sentenced to die are tied, in order to be destroyed by a slow and distant fire.

Huron Chief. CAN nought subdue thy stubborn soul? and dost thou still defy our varied tortures?

Ouâbi. My frail body, beneath thy instruments of cruelty, may writhe with anguish; and, from thy coward daggers, the purple current of my blood may flow: but still my soul is free, and scorns thy malice. Born over a race of valiant chiefs to reign, never will I yield to thy detested power. Begin, then, slaves, your tortures! unmoved will I sustain your fiercest rage, and brave with manly fortitude the lingering anguish of the tardy flames! (AA.) Nor shall even death's last pang efface the scornful smile that mocks your savage hate!

Huron Chief. Since thus our power he braves, this instant fix him to the fated stake. Soon shall the flames urge him to supplicate the mercy which now his stubborn pride affects to treat with bold disdain.

The guards tie Ouâbi to the stake, and prepare to fire the pile. Meantime, he sings—

THE

THE DEATH SONG.

“Rear’d midst the war-empurpled plain,
 What Illinois submits to pain!
 How can the glory-darting fire
 The coward chill of death inspire!

The sun a blazing heat bestows;
 The moon midst pensive evening glows;
 The stars in sparkling beauty shine,
 And own their flaming source divine.

Then let me hail th’ immortal fire,
 And in the sacred flames expire;
 Nor yet those Huron hands restrain,
 This bosom scorns the throbs of pain.

No griefs this warrior soul can bow,
 No pangs contract this even brow;
 Not all your threats excite a fear,
 Not all your force shall start a tear.

Think not with me my tribe decays—
 More glorious chiefs the hatchet raise;
 Not unreveng’d their Sachem dies,
 Not unattended greets the skies!”

Enter hastily a Huron Warrior.

Warrior. To arms! to arms, my friends! The foe, with impetuous fury, rush on our unguarded bands, and to this scene of death urge their resistless way.

Huron Chief. Let us meet them, and stem this mighty torrent. Dispatch, ye slaves, your prisoner! quick to the pile the lighted torch apply! His fall, at least, we will secure.

[Exit, with Warriors.]

Oudbi. Too late, brave friends, ye come! Yet, ere my soul her flight has taken, let but the shout of victory reach my ears, and I will die contented.

Enter another Warrior.

Warrior. Haste, away! discard this work of blood! The
 E 2 foe

foe advance with rapid speed: our trembling host desert their arms, and flight alone can save us!

[Shouting at a distance.]

Ouâbi. Oh! for one hour of glorious liberty! Curse on these shackles, that mock the ardour of my soul, and doom me an idle spectator of yon work of death, when I could join the conquering bands, and deal destruction on this dastard race! *[Another shout. Several Hurons cross the stage.—*

Celario enters, and falls at the Sachem's feet, while his warriors release him from the stake.

Celario. It is—it is Ouâbi!—greatest, first of men!—Heaven propitious smiles on our arms, and gives once more the matchless hero to his despairing friends.

Ouâbi. Yes! my brave deliverer, it is Ouâbi!—Rise, noble youth, and let me strain thee to my heart!—O say, Celario, how did you learn the news of my defeat? I thought my hardy train had shared one equal fate!

Celario. Discouraging with Azâkia in her walk, the cry of one distressed assailed our ears; when, turning to learn whence came the piteous accents, at the far limits of the spangled lawn a ghastly figure, writhing with anguish and bestained with blood, straight met our view. He alone escaped the savage foe! Azâkia's bosom swelled with boding woes: swift to his aid she flies; and with a fearful voice, oft interrupted by her sighs and tears, enquired her husband's fate. The powers of speech the wounded chief had lost; but o'er his mangled form she weeping hung, and trembling waited his wasted strength's return. Too soon, alas! his broken accents told thy dire mishap. Urged by revenge, I fought thy scattered friends, resolved to snatch thee from the victor's power, or share thy fate; and Heaven, for the will, has blessed the grateful deed.

Ouâbi. Nobly hast thou acted, my faithful friend, Celario! Courage like thine gives honour to the land that gave thee birth, and to the ear of Valour endears the name of Briton!

Celario. Beneath the shade, or in young Zisma's arms, thy fond Azâkia mourns her Sachem's loss. Ere yet I left her, the murderous vision her slumbers had disturbed; and with impatient haste she sought the poisonous root, prepared, when

when next thy shade should cross her dreams, to obey the fancied summons. Trembling for her safety, I drew from her a vow to stay her fatal purpose till my return.—Let us, then, hasten to cheer the beauteous mourner.

Ouâbi. Lead on, my valiant friend! The powers that snatched me from the Huron's rage, will surely guard the virtuous Azâkia. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

A picturesque view, with an Indian town.

Enter Azâkia, and Zisma.

Azâkia. STILL, still he comes not!—Let us, my friend, ascend yon rock, whose lofty brow o'erlooks the illimitable waste: there we may view our sable host's approach, if happily they should have vanquished the stubborn foe.—But much I fear Celario's daring spirit, by superior force subdued, is gone to join his friend in Death's cold, dark mansions!

Zisma. I cannot chide your fond impatience; but, surely, Azâkia, you indulge too far the visions of a perturbed mind! Again, you say, the hero came, and chid your long delay!—Celario said 'twas but the dream of Fancy, and bade you heed it not. Have you not sworn to bear with life till the brave youth's return?

Azâkia. And faithfully will keep the sacred vow. Yet, let me not force gentle Nature, to veil my brow with Pleasure's traitrous smile, while grief reigns in my bosom.

[Warlike musick heard at a distance.]

Zisma. Hush all thy tender fears! for, if my ears deceive not, I hear the welcome sounds of coming joy.

[They listen with anxious attention.—Musick again, somewhat louder.]

Azâkia.

Azákia. Again the musick breaks on my listening ear!—
Hark! [Musick still louder.

Zisma. Now louder still the silver strains float on the air's
soft bosom!

Enter Izénia.

Izénia. Hail! to my loved Azákia! I give thee joy.—
Our conquering bands, by the brave Briton led, are with
their royal chief returned from victory! Even now they
enter this arid plain, and soon their presence will bless thy
longing sight. [A flourish of musick.

Enter Ouâbi, Celario, and Warriors.

Azákia. See! see his manly form breaks on my view!
Once more the fond Azákia clasps in her faithful arms her
lord, her husband! [Runs to Ouâbi.

Ouâbi. After a night of horrid, pitchy darkness, more
welcome dawns the smiling purple morn.—But, see what
anxious care sits on Celario's brow!—'Tis you, Azákia,
I long have seen, alone can calm the labouring sorrows of
his breast.

Celario. Brave chief, mistake not. Far different feelings
now possess my mind, than those of misery. Thy superior
virtue awes my licentious passions; which of late, forgetful
of thy kind regard, sought even to seduce thy spotless bride.

Ouâbi. Yes! in thy loose desires, I trace thy country's
vices: yet still each native worth adorns thy mind, and every
manly passion dwells in thy bosom. Azákia's unpolluted
soul, born among Virtue's favoured race, soars above the
power of base corruption! Full well I know, with equal
warmth thy passion she returns. Take her, Celario, then,
to thy faithful arms; our laws allow it, and freely to you I
give the precious treasure. Formed for the hardy war, I
scorn the peaceful shade; and on thee those matchless charms
bestow, which only to thy worth I would resign!

Celario. The sun his golden beams in yonder reddening
waves shall first forget to lave, or night's chaste queen scorn
to reflect his rays, ere from thy generous soul Celario shall
accept it's richest treasure.

Ouâbi.

Ouâbi. By yon swift flood, and by this cloud-enveloped grove, I have already sworn never again to press Azâkia's beauty in these war-devoted arms; or even seek the downy couch of sleep, till those blessed charms are thine. The youthful Zisma long has given to me each tender thought; with her the sacred shivers will I break, while you with loved Azâkia do the same.

Zisma. [*Kneeling to Ouâbi.*] Long has my bosom cherished an hopeless passion! To thee, in glad surprize, I bend the willing knee, and own my bosom's bliss.

Ouâbi. Rise, sweet maid! Content to pass with thee my few remaining hours of life, thy love shall meet a kind return.

Celario. And canst thou behold unmoved Azâkia's heavenly beauties in another's arms? Ah! rather wilt thou mourn their loss; and, borne on Misery's bier, sorrowing descend to an untimely grave!

Ouâbi. No Illinois his sacred word recalls. Shun not, then, Celario, the treasure which my friendship gives: Azâkia's bosom swells with grateful joy, and pants to call thee lord.

Azâkia. Why should I conceal the transports of my bosom? Though thou, brave chief, hast ruled my faithful mind, yet young Celario every passion moved; even to his faults my doating heart inclined, and every action charms with magick power.

Celario. My heart was framed for tenderness and love; and he who feels not their soft ties, or soars above, or sinks beneath, humanity!—Come, then, bright perfection, to my longing arms, and take my faithful vows.

Ouâbi. The solemn rites performed, revenge again recalls me to the field. Ne'er shall the dread hatchet in earth (BB.) be laid, or snow-white plume (CC.) wave o'er the brow of rival chiefs, till in one scene of wild confusion lost, I hurl the Hurons to the shades below.—Now let the broken shivers feed the hungry blaze, and from the towering cedar fell the spreading branches the new made pairs to join. Let every eye with pleasure's sparkling lustre brighten; and, while the
graceful

graceful feet the mazy circles trace, let the wild musick join
the songs of praise.

CHORUS.

“ What can speak the bosom’s pleasure,
Thus receiving such a treasure?
Transport ’tis, beyond all measure!
Fondly mutual love caressing;
Each possels’d, and each possessing;
Earth affords no higher blessing!
Strew the way with fragrant flowers,
Wreath with bloom the nuptial bowers;
Lull’d the soul’s severer powers,
Yield to song and dance the hours.”

A DANCE.

After which, Celario comes forward.

Celario. To your exalted virtues, Azâkia and Ouâbi, the
joy is due that fills this grateful breast. May each succeeding
hour be fraught with equal happiness! And may the
scenes of rude, untutored nature, impress on nations of more
polish these most important truths—That virtue beams in
every clime; and that the wild and sâble Indians enjoy, with
Europe’s fairer sons, the guardian care of Providence.

From ev’ry clime, some good the good man draws;
And, where he finds it, gives the due applause.

THE END.



NOTES.

NOTES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

(A.) **M**ISSISSIPPI, an Indian name, signifying the *great father of rivers*. It is subject to no tides; but, from its source in the north of the American continent, flows with a rapid force, till it empties itself into the Gulph of Mexico.

(B.) It is presumed, that Azâkia had never before seen an European, or heard the report of a pistol; as she considers one a *deity*, and the other his *thunder*.

(C.) The Indian women of America are very chaste after marriage; and, if any person makes love to them, they answer—"The friend that is before my eyes, prevents my seeing you."

SCENE V.

(D.) This ceremony is observed at their marriages.—See next Note.

(E.) The marriage-contract of the North American Indians is not necessarily during life, but while the parties continue agreeable to each other. The ceremony is performed by their mutually breaking small shivers of sticks or wood, in the presence of their friends, which are carefully deposited in some safe place, till they wish a separation; when, with like ceremony, the sticks are thrown into the sacred fires, and the marriage consequently dissolved. Mrs. Brooks observes, that the obstruction to the conversion of the Canadian Indians to Christianity, was their reluctance at forming marriages for life.

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(F.) The

(F.) The married women wear a kind of cap, or veil, on their heads, which is taken off at the marriage-ceremony.—
[See William Penn's Letters to his Friends in England.]—To this, it is said, succeeds a circle of beads of various colours.

ACT II.

SCENE II.

(G.) Alluding to the Indian custom of scalping.

(H.) *Slaves*.—The prisoners of inferior rank, taken in battle, are retained as slaves by the rights of war; and this is the only kind of slavery known among them.

SCENE III.

(I.) These people are the first botanists in the world; and, from their knowledge of the properties of plants, according to William Penn, have a remedy for almost every disease to which they are subject. They have certain antidotes to all venomous bites; and, it is said, an infallible cure for cancers.

(K.) The day before the battle, the Sachems and warriors meet together, and with great solemnity join in the war-feast.

(L.) *Sable beverage*, which they call the *black-drink*, is made by a decoction of certain herbs, and is similar in appearance to coffee. It is of an exhilarating nature; is prepared by their warriors, or head men; and served round at their councils and war-feasts, with great solemnity and devotion. The commissioners from the United States were presented with this liquor on their introduction.

(M.) The dance is rather an act of devotion, than of recreation, and constitutes a part of their publick ceremonies.

SCENE IV.

(N.) At their councils and war-feasts they seat themselves in semi-circles, or half-moons: the King, or Sachem, stands

or

or fixes himself in the middle, with his counsellors on each side, according to their age and rank.—*See William Penn's Letters.*

SCENE V.

(O.) The Indian bows are stained with a great variety of glaring colours, and otherwise ornamented. For a specimen, *See the Museum of the University of Cambridge.*

(P.) *War-whoop*, the cry of battle, with which they always make their onset.

(Q.) The *pure*, or *white towns*, are places of refuge, in which no blood is ever permitted to be spilt; even criminals are there protected.

(R.) It is a point of religion with the American Indians never to suffer their fires to go out till the close of their year; when they are totally extinguished, and others are kindled by friction of certain wood. The policy of this act of devotion is evident, as it not only indicates to their youth the necessity of their being constantly ready for war, but serves as an annual school to instruct them—in all cases of emergency—in the method of raising this necessary element into action from the objects of nature which surround them.

(S.) The *calumet* is a highly-ornamented pipe, which the Indians smoke, as a type of peace and harmony, on all public occasions.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

(T.) The musick of the Indians, though of a wild and unharmonious kind, is introduced at all their publick festivals and solemnities.

(U.) Azâkia is supposed to be still in extreme youth; as, among the Indians, the women contract marriage at the age of fourteen, and the men at seventeen.—*William Penn's Letters.*

The

(x.) The American Indians believe, that the eclipse of the sun is occasioned by a contention between the good and evil spirit; and as light finally prevails, they suppose the good spirit is always victorious.

SCENE II.

(y.) It is said to have been anciently a custom among the Indians, if in the space of forty days a woman, who had lost her husband, saw and conversed with him twice in a dream, to infer from thence, that he required her presence in the land of spirits; and nothing, then, could dispense with her putting herself to death.

(z.) The root of the North American cytron-tree, commonly called the *candle-wood*, produces a juice which is a most deadly poison.

SCENE III.

(AA.) The American Indians, after exhausting every species of cruelty and torture on their most distinguished prisoners, burn them by a distant fire, and they expire singing songs of glory and defiance.

(BB.) The principal Indian figure made use of to express the making peace, is *burying the hatchet*.

SCENE IV.

(CC.) The mode of making peace is, previous to the smoking the friendly calumet, for the Sachem, or head-warrior, to advance with a *white plume*, in the form of a fan, towards the ambassadors of a rival nation, and to draw it lightly over their foreheads; meaning to indicate, that from that moment all former animosities are wiped away, and all past injuries consigned to oblivion: the whiteness of the plume being emblematical of the purity of their intentions in the treaty they are forming.

FINIS.

